FOR THE LADIES.

MATTERS AND ITEMS OF AND FOR THE FEMININE SEX.

A Little Poetry—Naughty Girls Who Swear—Queen Victoria's Wit—Some Recipes, Etc.

Where do I like my lady best?
In truth I cannot tell.
Like daily sun, from east to west,
O'er time of work, o'er time of rest,
She casts a shining spell.

From drawing-room to terrace moves
The presence of my dear.
As after Venus flit the doves,
My thoughts, my happy hopes, my loves
Fly up and follow near.

Yet if one picture there could be
Which I might choose to keep,
'Tis in the fire-lit nursery,
Two children clinging to her knee,
The third held close, asleep.
—Alice Ward Bailey in Harper's Bazar.

A Few Recipes.

CITRON CAKE.—Beat the yolks of four eggs, half a pound of sugar and one-fourth of a pound of butter to a cream, then add a generous pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of extract of vanilla and one-half teacupful of ice-water. To one pint of sifted flour add a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, mix thoroughly, slice one pound of dried citron, dust with flour, mix all ingredients together, adding citron and beaten whites of the eggs last. Bake in the loaf and ice.

BEEF TONGUE: *Tomato Sauce.*—Soak a corned beef tongue in cold water for six hours, wash, put into a kettle filled with cold water, and let it come slowly to the boiling point, and cook until easily pierced with a fork. Remove the skin and any fat, cut into thin slices and serve very hot with tomato sauce, which should be prepared before the tongue is taken up, as follows:

Put one pint of canned tomatoes, one even teaspoonful of finely chopped white onion, one tablespoonful of granulated sugar and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper, into an agate stew-pan. Rub one tablespoonful each of butter and flour to a paste and when the tomatoes are hot, stir it in, let simmer for five minutes, strain and serve in a gray boat or pour over the sliced tongue, as preferred.

APPLE CUSTARD.—Peel half a dozen large tart apples, cut into quarters, remove the cores and put into a well-buttered earthen baking dish with one-half teacupful of hot water and two-thirds of a teacupful of powdered sugar. Bake until the apples are tender, but not soft, and in the meantime prepare a custard as follows: One quart of new milk, six beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of corn starch dissolved in the milk, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-half teacupful of sugar. Flavor with extract of lemon, and pour over the apples and bake until the custard is firm. Serve with whipped cream.—Mrs. A. H. Knapp, in Our Country Home.

Naughty Girls Who Swear.

A complaint commonly made against our fashionable girls, says The Banner of Light, is that they use slang bordering on actual profanity. A maiden with brown eyes and a rosy mouth crept close to a bashful young man at a reception and said:

"If you'll never let on I'll tell something."

The young man blushed and promised never to break the confidence reposed in him.

"Well, it's just this," said the girl. "When anything goes very wrong with me I swear."

The young man attempted to observe that swearing in a pretty young lady was naughty, but he made a failure of it, and his companion went on talking.

"More girls swear than you think. I just know any quantity of them that are positively shocking when they get provoked. My chum Mignon is really terrible sometimes. I told her the other day that I would have to stop going with her if she didn't refrain from saying bad words. She couldn't miss a car, stub her toe, or burst a button of her glove but she expressed herself most frightfully right before everybody. Now, it isn't nice, is it, for a girl to use swear words? And it really will get to be a regular thing with us if we don't stop. I am already addicted to the habit. Why, I broke the point of my thumb nail today, and when I did it I just let out good."

"What did you say?" the bashful young man asked.

I said 'O devil.'"

The young man blushed a livelier red and asked the poor, forsaken girl if he might get a cup of chocolate for her.

Marriage a Hundred Years Hence.

At the present time, a popular presumption exists that all girls wish to marry, and fail to do so only because they lack an eligible opportunity, writes Edward Bellamy in The Ladies' Home Journal. This presumption exists on account of the obvious fact that women, being able with difficulty to support themselves, have in general a greater material interest in marriage than men have. Surely there can be few incidents of an unmarried woman's condition more exasperating than her knowledge that because this is the undeniable fact it is vain for her to expect to be popularly credited with the voluntary choice of her condition. She must endure with a smile, however she may rage within, the coarse jest or inuendo to which it would be worse than vain to reply. Nationalism, by establishing the economic independence of women, without reference to their single or married state, will destroy the presumption referred to by making marriage no more obviously desirable to one sex than to another.

Co-Operative Housekeeping.

"There is a man up town," said another man yesterday, "who has a unique idea about co-operative housekeeping. He has been going through some pretty deep waters lately with his servant experiences, and this has probably induced him to give the matter some thought. He proposes that some capitalist shall build a block of residences in the form of a hollow square, in the interior court of which is to be located the common kitchen. Small tracks connect this kitchen with the dining-room of each residence, and hampers properly fitted to hold entire meals, are run upon them. The cooking for the entire block is to be done in the general kitchen by a corps of competent cooks, under a commissariat or steward. At the hour desired by the householder the meal is packed in its hamper and instantly conveyed to his dining-room, whence it is served as if from his private kitchen. One servant, either man or woman, would thus suffice for every family, as only the routine duties of keeping the house in order and waiting at table would be necessary.—N. Y. Sun.

Beautiful Women of Peru.

As all the world knows, the women of Lima are proverbial for their beauty. Such large, liquid, "soulful" eyes; such rosebud lips and pearly teeth; such dainty hands and feet and rounded arms and graceful figures it would be hard to find so commonly anywhere else on the earth. A comparatively few of the most ultra-fashionables wear modern hats and bonnets for state occasions, but the vast majority still cover their glossy black tresses with the lace mantilla or black manta of silk or woolen. The latter is the only correct thing for church wear among young and old, rich and poor; and a bonnet would no more be allowed during service than a gentleman at the North would be expected to come to the communion alter with his hat on his head. But the mantas are no longer put on as formerly, so that only one eye is visible, but are deposed with more or less coquettish effect, and are vastly more becoming to the Castilian type of beauty than the most elaborate triumphs of French millinery.—Lima Letter.

Saying Unpleasant Things.

There is a certain class of people who take great satisfaction in saying unpleasant things. They call this peculiarity "speaking their minds, or "plain-speaking." Sometimes they dignify it by the name of "telling the truth." As if truths must be unpleasant in order to be true! Are there no lovely, charming, gracious truths in the world? And if there are, why cannot people diligently tell these, making others happier for the telling, rather than hasten to proclaim all the disagreeable ones they can discover?

The sum of human misery is always so much greater than the sum of human happiness that it would appear the plainest duty to add to the latter all we can, and do what lies in our power to diminish the former. Trifles make up this amount, and in trifles lie the best and most frequent opportunities. It may seem a little thing to tell another what is out of place in her appearance or possessions; but if the information is unnecessary and makes her unhappy, it is clearly an unkind and unfriendly action.—Harper's Bazar.

A Georgia Wedding.

A certain Georgia editor, who is also a real estate agent, a building and loan association director, an attorney-at-law, clerk of the Town Council and pastor of the village church, was recently asked to marry a couple. He was in a great hurry, and the couple surprised him in the middle of a heavy editorial on the tariff. "Time is money," said he without looking up from his work. "Do you want her?" The man said yes. "And do you want him?" The girl stammered an affirmative. "Man and wife," cried the editor. "One dollar. Bring me a load of wood for it—one-third pine, balance oak.—Atlanta Constitution.

Dainty Ways for Serving Eggs.

Eggs will take the place of meat many times for a meal and are less expensive and more wholesome. Boiled eggs are very nice for breakfast. Have the water boiling hot before putting them in and boil them three minutes after they begin to boil hard; if you wish soft boiled. For hard boiled they must boil not less than five minutes and sometimes longer. The safest plan is to have a little hour glass that is used to time eggs with or a watch so the time is exact.—Farmer's Voice.

Worth Their Weight in Pound Notes.

Many parents are apt to consider their daughters worth their weight in gold, but a Scotch gentlemen estimated his two daughters' value at even a higher rate than this, bequeathing to each her weight in £1 notes. The elder seems to have been slimmer than her sister, for she got only £51,200, while the younger received £55,344.—Farmers' Call.

Always on Time.

Mrs. Cumso—"My husband always insists in dining punctually at six o'clock."

Mrs. Banks—"But doesn't it sometimes happen that you are delayed with your cooking?"

Mrs. Cumso—"Oh, yes, but at such times I put back the dining room clock."—Munsey's Weekly.

Could Not Go to Church.

She—Are you getting ready to go to church, dear?

He—Church? No. How could I go to church in such a storm as this?

She—Well, where are you going?

He—I thought I'd go down town awhile and get some lunch.—Kentucky State Journal.

VIDA'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER IV.

A WEARY WAITING.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Moore, "that we shall have to wait dinner for Basil Brandreth."

"The last man in the world I should have thought to prove a laggard lover," said Mrs. Moore.

They were in the drawing-room alone, and it was within five minutes of the dinner-hour. Neither Ruth nor Vida had come down.

"When a man himself makes an appointment," continued Abel, "even in a small matter, he should keep it."

"Something must have detained him," said Mrs. Moore.

"In any case, he could have sent a message," the husband rejoined.

At this moment Ruth came into the room. She looked pale and troubled, and the smile that she put upon her face was a very faint one indeed.

"Basil is very late," she said; "he will scarcely have time to dress for dinner."

"I am afraid that he will not dine here to-night," said her father, shrugging his shoulders; "it is sometimes necessary to teach the rising generation good manners. Ruth, how is Vida?"

"I have knocked at her door several times," Ruth answered, "and she is still sleeping."

Barker slowly and solemnly entered the room.

"Madame, shall I keep dinner back?"

Mrs. Moore looked at her husband, who answered for her:

"No, Barker; Mr. Brandreth has been detained. Let dinner be served at once."

They went into the dining-room, but dinner, so far as Ruth was concerned, was a mockery. She could eat nothing. The fish was being removed when Vida appeared.

"My dear child," said Mr. Moore, rising hurriedly, "how pale you are! Why did you not keep your room?"

"Being alone I grew wearisome," she said, "and so I came down. No fish, thank you; a little wine."

The attentive Barker poured her out a glass of sherry, and she drank it. Then she looked at Ruth steadily and without faltering.

"Why, Birdie," she said, "you are pale too. We have ceased to be roses and become lilies."

"Somebody has been detained," said Mr. Moore jocosely; "but he will be here by-and-by."

"In the selfishness of my headache," said Vida, "I forgot Basil was expected. If he were my lover I should not easily forgive him."

It was a wonderful exhibition of speaking under extreme difficulties. So intense was the pain the effort cost her that she could barely keep from crying out.

"Basil is not to blame," said Ruth with a flash from her blue eyes.

"Oh, Ruth," exclaimed Vida, forcing a laugh, "how can you look at me so ferociously? I believe that you are at heart a perfect vixen."

They all laughed at this remark; the idea of Ruth's being a vixen was so very absurd.

Mr. Moore put a finishing touch to the merriment.

"Ruth is like you, Vida. Under a placid exterior she conceals a most fiery nature. She is like some of those faraway countries where the land is only a thin crust that covers a volcano. You are terrible creatures."

The dinner was over, and Ruth, with ears upon the stretch, had listened in vain for the sounds of her coming lover.

After a time she began to show signs of irritation when a suggestion was made to account for his absence, and they soon ceased to speak of him.

In the drawing-room Vida played and sang—never more brilliantly, Mr. Moore said—and Ruth joined her in a duet.

But what a bitter mockery it was!

A dark cloud lay upon them, and Vida alone knew what lay behind it.

The first shock of the crime had passed away, and she was beginning to look things in the face.

It angered her to see Ruth pale and distraught, simply because Basil was away, while she—Vida—loving him more fiercely, and knowing he was dead, dared not give vent to one word or look that expressed her love.

"It is hard to bear," she thought, "but it is better than to have to look on at their wooing. That must have driven me mad."

And then she sang another song—"The Sands of Dee"—one of Mr. Moore's favorites.

"Sweet music," he said, "but rather melancholy. That poor girl being lost on the sands——"

"Can Basil be lost?" said Ruth suddenly.

"Lost, my dear child—nonsense."

"But he is," said Ruth, rising and holding out her trembling hands. "I have feared it, and I know it now. Something has happened to him; he is dead—he——"

And then she fell forward fainting in her father's arms.

Mrs. Moore and Vida came to her assistance, and the bell was rung for Phœbe, her maid.

A little cold water and some kindly care restored Ruth to consciousness.

"How foolish of me!", she said. "But I was always a weak silly child."

"I should recommend a little sleep," said Mr. Moore. "It is ten o'clock, and Basil will not be here till to-morrow."

Ruth assented, and retired to her room, accompanied by Mrs. Moore and Vida.

Then a curious feeling of distaste for her cousin's society came over her. It was most unaccountable, she thought, and pained her, but she could not resist its influence.

"I do not think I will trouble you to remain with me, Vida," she said.

"It is no trouble," was the reply.

"But do not remain, I beg of you. Mother will keep with me."

Vida did not insist upon remaining.

She was growing weary of playing a part that required so much concentration, and stooping down, she kissed Ruth and bade her good-night.

Her salute was not returned.

"Can she suspect me?" she thought, and then she bade Mrs. Moore good-night, and went wondering to her room.

Phœbe followed, and asked if she could be of any service. Vida, with some curtness, bade her go, but the girl still remained.

"Are you sure I cannot do anything for you, miss?" she asked.

"Quite sure," replied Vida.

"You do look so pale and tired, miss, *just as if you had been out for a long walk and hurried home.*"

Vida turned upon her quickly, almost fiercely.

"What did you say?" she demanded.

Phœbe was a simple-looking country lass, and stared at her in innocent surprise.

"Why nothing, miss," she said; "I only said you looked as if you were tired."

"The observation was needless," returned Vida; "I am not very tired, and I do not need any help."

"Very well, miss."

With a courtesy Phœbe retired, and Vida was left alone. She went to the window, pushed aside the curtain, and looked out.

"Moonlight," she murmured, "and the low-lying mists flying before the wind. The fleecy masses look like hurrying spirits of the dead. Perhaps they are so," she added, shuddering; "if so, Basil's spirit may be among them."

She had never been superstitious, and a week before would have laughed at the idea of seeing a ghost, but now it seemed to her as if indeed the spectre of Basil Brandreth was floating about in the mists of the night.

She sat down by the fire, and immediately it seemed as if he had entered the room, and was standing behind her chair, with his sad reproachful eyes bent upon her.

It required an effort for her to look round, and of course she saw nothing.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, "I am a child." Here the voice of a stable-boy outside, calling to another, broke the stillness, and she started as if a voice of thunder had denounced her as a murderess. "I am worse than a child."

She walked to the toilet-table, and opened a box filled with small cut-glass bottles. Selecting one, she put it to her lips, and drank some of its colorless contents.

"It is the fool's refuge," she murmured, "but I must drown cowardice until all danger is past. Now I will go to sleep, and forget that there is a morrow to come, and with it a murderer for a lover."

CHAPTER V.

THE VALENTINE.

The morning of the 14th of February broke cold and clear, a slight rime frost lay upon the grass, but was turned to moisture by the first rays of the sun. The birds chirped in the wood, the lark sang in the meadows, and the cow-boy whistled cheerily as he plodded across the park.

"A bright, a beautiful morning to make one glad," thought Ruth, as she opened her window and looked forth; "but Basil is away, and there is no sunshine for me."

His absence and his silence were to her incomprehensible. If detained at home there were messengers to send. If detained farther away was there not the wondrous telegraph-wire to bring a few words to her? Why should he be silent? Why should he be away?

She did not doubt him; her thoughts never leaned in that direction. He was her affianced husband, and she believed him to be the soul of honor and truth—only accident or death could have stopped his coming or sending a message.

The delay of the post experienced in towns on St. Valentine's morning was not known at Gordonfells. Mr. Moore had a letter-bag which was always first attended to at the post-office, and one of his grooms fetched it on horseback.

As Ruth was looking out of her window with aching heart and dim eyes this man came riding up.

Ruth heard the thud of the horse's hoofs on the greensward, and hastened down to the hall where Barker was waiting with the key ready to open the bag and sort the domestics' letters from those of the family.

In the dark shade of the staircase several of the younger serving-maids were waiting in giggling expectation of valentines from certain rustic lovers.

As Ruth appeared they drew back and were silent.

"Anything for me, Barker?" she said with a sadness in her tone that touched the listeners' hearts.

"One letter, miss," replied Barker deferentially as he solemnly put an envelope on a salver and handed it to her with a profound obeisance.

Ruth glanced at it and saw that it was Basil's handwriting. The woman-forger, Vida Moore, had done her work too well, and even the eyes of love were deceived.

"All is well," thought Ruth, and over her face there came a light that was like the rays of a July sun breaking from behind a cloud.

Too impatient to go upstairs, she stole into a morning-room and closed the door. First she kissed the envelope and then opened it.

One glance was sufficient to scatter her joy to the far corners of the earth and to blanch the cheeks that for a brief time were like the sweet blush rose. The forged words went home to her heart like a dagger.

But she did not scream or moan or fall—standing erect she read the cruel letter through:

"MY DEAR MISS MOORE,—It is not without much reflection that I have decided not to come to Gordonfells again. I have struggled against a warning love, and the victory has not been with my desire to be faithful. It is better for you and for me that we should not meet again. Forgive and forget me. I shall be away for some months, and when I return I hope to find it possible for us to meet as friends.

Yours ever sincerely,
"BASIL BRANDRETH."

"False to me! Basil false to me!" was all she said, and if ever a heart was really on the point of breaking Ruth's was then. But tears, that flow from the safety-valve of sorrow, saved her, and she sank upon her knees by a chair sobbing like a child.

She had been there for a minute or so when the door opened and Vida came in.

No signs of sorrow or repentance there. The morning's light had brought with it a hardness of heart, and her hatred of her cousin was as strong as ever.

Drawing up quietly, she stood by the back of the chair, looking down upon Ruth with anger and bitter contempt in her dark, handsome face. She was jealous even of the sorrow of the poor girl.

"I see I have not done yet," she thought. "I must rend his very image from her heart, and leave her soul a desert.

"Ruth!"

"Who's there?" cried the startled girl, hurriedly raising her head. "Oh, Vida—Vida, is it you?"

"It is me," replied Vida. "What has set you to weeping? Basil may come to-day."

"No; he is false to me, and cruel," sobbed Ruth. Then in a moment she was defending him: "No, he is not cruel. He has been blinded and lured away from me."

"Do not forget that he is a man," said Vida; "and it is the nature of men to be false."

"Not Basil—he was true."

"May I read that letter?"

Ruth gave it to her, and she scanned her own writing with a grim smile. As she handed it back she laughed bitterly.

"Ruth, is that the man to weep for?" she asked.

"I loved him—I love him still," pleaded Ruth.

"Even now that he is false to you?"

"Yes; I can never forget or cease to love him."

"What a little fool you are!" said Vida. And for a moment the mask had fallen, and Ruth saw the blacker side of her nature.

She stared at her in dismay.

"You must not be angry with him, Vida," she said; "he has not wronged you."

"He has wronged us all," Vida answered. "You must learn to despise him, as I do."

But she lied. She had never loved him more than she did at that moment, and her dread secret made her burden very heavy to bear.

"Ruth," Vida continued, "you must go to your mother at once and tell her of the insult that has been offered you."

"I will not do that," replied Ruth.

"Give me the letter, then, and let me do it."

"No, I will not part with it; it is the last thing I have from him. It is like a gift from the dying; and yet he can never be dead to me."

"How can you be so weak?" said Vida harshly. "I say that you must forget or learn to despise him."

"And I tell you," replied Ruth with unexpected spirit, "that I can do neither. It is no affair of yours, Vida. Let me alone."

"No affair of mine!" thought Vida, and she stifled a groan that rose to her lips. "But, Ruth," she said aloud, "my uncle must know the truth; it cannot be kept from him."

"Let him guess it," returned Ruth. "I have nothing to say. It was wrong of me ever to show you the letter Basil has written. I have been unjust."

Vida was furious, but she dared say no more. Even the gentle Ruth had a spirit that roused, was apt to be dangerous.

The only thing that wisdom would allow her to do was to keep silent and let events take their course."

"Well, Birdie," she said, assuming her old manner, "I see you are willful and will say nothing."

"You have no right to say anything," was the cold reply, and the breakfast-gong at that moment sounding, she walked out of the room with marvellous composure.

"And I looked upon her love as weak," thought Vida as she followed; "it is the better and stronger love of the two, and it gives me further right to hate her. Though she die of grief, what matters—she knows no shame, while I——"

It would not bear thinking of, and she hastened to the breakfast-room, where Mr. and Mrs. Moore were waiting.

Ruth was not absolutely merry, but she was amiable and talked a great deal. The cloud of the previous night seemed to have entirely disappeared.

But Vida's spirit was wrapped in gloom, and no effort that she made raised her from the slough of despond into which she had fallen.

After breakfast, Mr. Moore went out to have his morning cigar in the park, and ere he had enjoyed a dozen whiffs, he saw a horseman approaching.

As he drew nearer he saw that it was Mr. Hugh Brandreth, Basil's father.

He galloped up, reined his horse in with a practised hand, and disregarding fifty-five years and fourteen-stone weight, dropped lightly from the saddle.

"Good-morning, Mr. Moore," he said. "I told Basil I would ride over if I could. I hope you have not allowed him to bore you. Traveling has set his tongue going, and the yarns he spins are of abominable length."

"Do I understand," said Mr. Moore coldly, "that you suppose Basil to be here?"

"Why, where the deuce should he be?" said Mr. Brandreth, raising his eyebrows; "he rode over last night——"

"We have not seen him," said Mr. Moore. "Not seen him!"

"No, Brandreth. Poor Ruth was watching for him all last evening, and not a glimpse of Basil did we get."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW BRITISH NAVY.

Completion of the Big Battle Ships Nile and Trafalgar.

The English battle ship Trafalgar, which was launched in 1887 and now just completed and ready to go into commission, is one of the heaviest and most powerful war ships afloat. She has a length of 345 feet, a breadth of 73 feet, a displacement of 11,940 tons, and an indicated horse power of 12,000, with a draft of 27 feet 6 inches. She looms up in the distance one of the most powerful, bulky, and terrible monsters that have yet appeared upon the face of the waters at the command of man. Wrought iron, steel, and teak provide an armor that would seem impregnable, and from ram to sternpost provision has been made against the most formidable weapons of modern warfare. Turrets will revolve by hydraulic power. Each contains two 67 ton breechloading guns, which in turn will be loaded and worked by hydraulic power and so arranged that they rise for firing and descend for loading. A full charge calls for 520 pounds of powder. This tremendous monarch, with its towering turrets and citadel, carries 1,200 tons of coal, the amount necessary for steaming 6,500 knots, and the highest speed yet attained by the ship is 16½ knots an hour. The estimated cost at completion is $4,600,000, and is one of a pair, her sister ship being christened the Nile. The navy of England, with its present appropriations and growing numbers, will soon be the admiration of the world. To what extent these immense battle ships will be available in offensive warfare is yet to be shown. For purposes of defense, however, they much excel anything yet produced, and the momentum for ram power must be tremendous and terrible, while the armament provides for fierce execution. But how these immense ships will behave in oceanic storms or in long cruises at a distance from home is yet to be shown.

He Struck Their Weak Point.

[On the rolling prairies. A band of cowboys has captured a horse thief.]

Cowboys (in gleeful chorus): "We've got you now, you villain, and you are going to swing."

[They prepare the rope and select a convenient tree.]

The villain: "Hold on, boys. I'll bet you the drinks you don't stretch my neck."

Cowboys: "Oh, won't we, just?"

[They pinion his arms.]

The villain: "I can put you up to some valuable secrets."

[They tie his feet together.]

The villain: "I know where $60,000 in gold is buried."

[They adjust the noose to his neck.]

The villain: "I can put you on to a new silver mine."

[They commence to hoist him up.]

The villain: "And I've got six new tricks at cards."

Chorus of voices (excitedly): "Hold on! Let him down."

[He is let down, released, and pardoned.]

Why the Negro Is Black.

A professor of Johns Hopkins University has an original theory to account for race color. He attributes the color of the negro to the deficiency of oxygen in the warm air he has breathed. This causes a weaker respiration, and a deposit of carbon is made under the skin, just as a chimney with a defective draft is choked with soot.

THE OMNIBUS.

Fit for a king—an apopletic fit.

The mane part of a horse is the back of its neck.

The buyer who tries to beat you down is a price-fighter.

The prosperity of the tailor opens a large field for theorizing on the survival of the misfittist.

If you are run over by a hearse it is almost a sure sign that there will be a funeral in your family.

Some men must think that the lamp of life is a spirit-lamp, judging from the way they pour in the alcohol.

When there is no hawk flying around the biggest thing in the barnyard is the strut of the smallest rooster.

"So you imagine the next world will be much like this one?" "Why, yes. There will be lots of red-hot politicians there, I imagine."

Helping the Cause.

Mrs. Hayfork: "Pop, why is it that w'en you take up th' collection at th' church, you always push y'r way into every pew, instead o' lettin' the people sittin' there pass th' plate along?" Deacon Hayfork (a pillar): "So's to step on th' coins o'them sinners who don't give nothin'."

Important Information.

"Look here. This piece of meat don't suit me. It's from the back of the animal's neck," said an Austin man to a German butcher.

"Mine frien', all dot beef vat I sells is back of dot neck. Dere vas nodding but horn in front of dot neck."